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The New Ladies' Memorandum-Book for ...
M.DCC.XCIV.
Boston, Thomas & Andrews, etc. 156+ pp., 3 plates.
(This is apparently the item described by Evans from a Carter adv. The unique copy is imperfect.)
AAS copy.



Paul and Mary Vol. 1

THE NEW

LADIES

MEMORANDUM-BOOK,

FOR THE

YEAR M.DCC.XCIV.

CONTAINING,

Extract from "Paul & Mary"
Economical Tables for Marketing, Servants Wages, Expences, &c.
Country Dances for 1794
New and Full Moons
Perpetual Diary
Vauxhall Songs for 1793
Songs by Dibdin
Miscellaneous Songs
Select Poetry
Watermen's and Coach Fares
Chronological Notes for 1794
Birth-Days of the Royal Family
Ditto of the Sovereigns of Europe
Holidays in 1794
And much other Pleasing and Useful Information

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES EVANS.

NORTH AMERICA:

Boston, Sold by Messrs. Thomas and Andrews, Ebenezer Larkin jun and David West; in Worcester, by Mr. Isaiah Thomas and in Providence, Rhode Island, by Messrs. Carter and Wilkinson.

Extract from "PAUL AND MARY," *an Indian Story.*

THE clouds in the zenith were of portentous black in the middle, and fringed with angry red. The air refounded with the cries of tropic and man of war birds, Indian terns, and multitudes of sea-fowl, which, notwithstanding the darkness of the atmosphere, came from every quarter of the horizon to seek shelter on the island.

Towards nine o'clock, tremendous sounds, like peals of thunder and cataracts of water, were heard off the shore. All present cried out, "The hurricane! The hurricane!" and in a moment, a furious whirlwind swept away the fog which hung over the Isle of Amber and its channel. The St. Gerand was then distinctly seen; her deck crowded with people; her mainmast cut away; her flag reversed; with four cables at the prow, and one at the stern. She had anchored between the isle of Amber and the main land, within the circle of breakers, with which the Isle of France is surrounded, and which she had got through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. Her head was turned to the tide, and each fresh roll of the sea heaved her prow, and lifted her keel above the water; the same motion sunk her whole stern, and we lost sight of her as if she had been swallowed up. In this situation, with wind and tide driving her towards the land, it was impossible she could get back the way she came, or, by cutting her cables, venture to run upon the sands, on account of the banks and breakers which intervened. Every wave which broke against the shore, drove with fury up to the extremity of the creeks, and, bounding over the cliffs, threw broad sheets of water in upon the land, to the distance of fifty feet, and then retiring again, the coast was left dry; and the pebbles rolling violently back with the tide, added a hoarse and horrid sound to the roaring of the water. The wind encreasing the swell, the sea ran higher every moment, and the whole channel was one sheet of white foam, divided only by dark hollows: this foam was heaped up to the height of six feet in the bays; and the wind, which swept its surface, carried large flakes of it over the country, like a hori-

horizontal ſnow driven from the ſea to the foot of the mountains. The whole atmoſphere threatened a long continuance of ſtorm; the ſea and ſky were ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable from each other. Vaſt volumes of clouds, of portentous appearance, were continually detached from the mass, and whirled across the zenith with the utmoſt velocity; whilſt others remained fixed and immoveable as rocks. No tint of blue appeared in the firmament; but a livid, tawny light tinged all the objects of land, and ſea, and air.

In the heel of the ſhip, what we apprehended came to paſs. The cables a-head gave way; and there being only one left at the ſtern, ſhe was thrown upon the rocks, half a cable-length from the ſhore. There was then one univerſal cry of diſtreſs amongſt us. Paul would have thrown himſelf into the ſea, but I ſeized him by the arm, and ſaid, "My dear friend! would you deſtroy yourſelf?" "Let me go to her aſſiſtance, or let me perish!" he anſwered. As his deſpair took away all reaſon, Domingo and I, to prevent his deſtruction, tied a long cord round his waiſt, and held the end of it. Paul then advanced towards the St. Gerand, ſometimes ſwimming, ſometimes climbing upon the reef, and was not without hopes of getting aboard; for, in the irregularity of its motions, the ſea retired at different intervals, and left the veſſel nearly upon dry land, ſo that one might almoſt have walked round her; but it inſtantly returned with double fury, and overwhelmed her with vaſt volumes of water, and daſhed the unfortunate Paul back upon the ſtrand, half drowned, his legs bleeding, and his breaſt torn and bruiſed. No ſooner did he recover his reſpiration, than he returned with encreaſing ardour towards the veſſel, which was now going to pieces, unable any longer to reſiſt the violence of the ſhocks. The hopeleſs crew threw themſelves into the ſea, upon the maſts and planks, upon hen-coops, tables, and empty barrels: and then appeared, in the gallery of the St. Gerand, an object of everlaſting pity and regret! A female figure, extending her arms towards the man who was making ſuch efforts to go to her aſſiſtance.—It was Mary—and, by his intrepidity, ſhe had diſcovered her beloved Paul. The ſight of this charming woman, in a ſituation ſo full of horror, filled all the beholders with grief. As for her, with the moſt perfect calmneſs and fortitude, ſhe made ſigns to us, and waved her hands to bid us farewell for ever. All the ſailors had now left the veſſel; one

one only remained upon the deck, naked, and ſtrong as Hercules. He reſpectfully approached Mary: we ſaw him throw himſelf upon his knees, and try even to diveſt her of her cloaths; but ſhe turned away her head, and with mild dignity put him from her. All the ſpectators doubled their cries of "Save her! Save her! Don't leave her!" But in the ſame inſtant a mountainous ſea was forced with double fury up the channel, and threatened immediate deſtruction to the veſſel—at its dread approach the ſailor plunged alone into the water; and Mary, ſeeing inevitable death before her, drew her cloaths about her with one hand, and held the other to her heart; and, raiſing her ſerene eyes to Heaven, appeared like an angel ready to aſcend to his native ſkies!

O day of woe! Alas, all was in a moment ſwallowed up and loſt. The ſurge drove far back upon the beach moſt of the ſpectators as had been led by their humanity to advance towards Mary, as well as the ſailor who had wiſhed to ſave her by ſwimming. This man miraculouſly eſcaped from death, kneeled upon the ſands, and gave thanks to God for having preſerved his life; "which, alas!" ſaid he, "I would have freely given to have ſaved that lovely lady, who would not be prevailed upon to undreſs, as we did." Domingo and I drew the wretched Paul out of the water ſenſeleſs; the blood ſtreaming from his mouth and ears. The Governor gave him into the care of the ſurgeons; and we ſearched along the ſands, to ſee if the body of Mary might haply have been thrown upon the ſhore; but the wind having very ſuddenly ſhifted, as it very commonly does in theſe hurricanes, we had the additional regret of thinking that we ſhould not be able to pay our laſt duties to the unfortunate Mary. We left the place in all the conſternation of grief; and, in a wreck where ſo many had periſhed, the loſs of one individual ſeemed to engroſs the thoughts of all preſent. Many, from having ſeen the fatal end of ſuch unſpotted innocence, doubted even if there could exiſt a Providence; for there are misfortunes ſo dreadful and ſo undeſerved, that even the hope of the faithful may be ſhaken. In the mean time, Paul, who began to ſhew ſigns of returning ſenſe, was carried to a neighbouring houſe, till he ſhould be ſufficiently recovered to be ſent home. I went back with Domingo, to prepare the mother of Mary and her friend for this bitter misfortune. When we were near the entrance of the valley of the

river Latana, we met ſome negroes, who informed us that the tide had driven a great number of planks, and other parts of the wreck, into the oppoſite bay. We turned back immediately, and went down to it; and one of the firſt objects that I beheld upon the ſhore was the body of Mary, half covered with ſand, and exactly in the attitude in which we had laſt ſeen her. Her features were not ſenſibly altered. Her eyes were cloſed; yet there was a ſerenity ſtill upon her countenance; but the pale purple of death was mixed with the bluſh of virgin modeſty. One hand ſtill held her cloaths; the other, which was preſſed to her boſom, was cloſed and ſtiff. It was with ſome difficulty that I opened it, and took out a little box: but what were my ſenſations, when I found that it contained the picture of Paul, which ſhe had promiſed never to part with whilſt ſhe had life! At ſight of this laſt proof of love and conſtancy I wept bitterly. Poor Domingo beat his breaſt, and pierced the air with his cries.—We carried her to the houſe of a fiſherman, and gave ſome Malabar women charge of her. Whilſt they were occupied in ſome of the laſt ſad offices, we went up to the cottages, in the greateſt agitation of mind. We found Madame de la Tour and Margaret praying, and waiting in anxious expectation for news of the veſſel. As ſoon as Madame de la Tour ſaw me, ſhe called out, "Where is my child? my dear child?" and when, by my ſilence and my tears, ſhe could no longer doubt of her loſs, ſhe was ſeized with ſuffocation, and all the agonies of grief, and of deſpair. Margaret eagerly cried, "Where is my ſon? I do not ſee my [illegible] and ſhe fainted away; we ran to her, and, having brought her to herſelf, I aſſured her that Paul was ſafe, and that the Governor had given orders that he ſhould have every attention paid to him. As ſoon a ſhe recovered, ſhe was engroſſed by her attendance upon her friend, who fell into long fits of fainting, and paſſed a dreadful night. From theſe long and ſevere attacks, I judged that no grief is equal to that of a mother for her child. When her ſenſes returned, ſhe raiſed her fixed and melancholy eyes to Heaven. In vain her friend and I preſſed her hands between ours; in vain we ſtrove to awaken her attention to us by the tenderſt expreſſions; ſhe remained inſenſible to all the tokens of our long friendſhip, and no ſound but of deep and heavy ſighs came from her oppreſſed boſom.——

ECONOMICAL TABLES,

FOR

MARKETING, SERVANTS WAGES, EXPENCES, &c.

THE following Three Economical Tables are of excellent uſe, not only to Ladies, but Gentlemen; for, as great Care has been taken to render them correct, they will ſerve either to prove, or ſupply the Place of Calculation.

The Firſt Table ſhews the Amount of any Number, as far as 28, at any given Price, from ¼ to a Shilling each, whether Pounds, Yards, Daily Expence, Wages, &c. by bare Inſpection; and, by addition of two or three Lines, for any Number commonly wanted.

Example I. 24 Yards of Ribbon, at 7¾d. Firſt, 24 at ¾ is 1s. 6d. and 24 at 7d. is 14s. together 15s. 6d.

Example II. How much does 3 Quarters 7 Pounds of Beef come to, at 4½d. a Pound? Three Quarters of a Hundred Weight are 84 Pounds; againſt which, and under ½, you find 5s. 3d.; this you add, by Head, to 1l. 8s. the Number under 4d. which gives 1l. 13s. 3d. Then 7 lb. at ¾ is 5¼d. and 7lb. at 4d. is 2s. 4d. together 2s. 9¼d. which, added to the former ſum, gives 1l. 16s. 0¼.

The Second Table, beſides what is there ſaid of it, ſerves to ſhew, from any Rate per Year not mentioned in the Third Table, the daily Expence or Income to the neareſt Farthing. Example—I have 7l. 10s. per Year; how much is that per Day? Anſwer, 5d. nearly; and ſo near, that it is more than 4¾d. half farthing.

In the Third Table, the Day is exactly taken as the 365th Part of a Year; the Week as the 52d Part; and the Month as the 12th Part; and not compoſed one from the other, as uſual, they not being ſtrictly aliquot Parts of each other.

TABLE

TABLE I.

Yards.	¼			½			¾			1 s.		2 d.		3 d.			4 d.		
	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.
1	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	1	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	4
2	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	1	2	0	2	0	4	0	0	6	0	0	8
3	0	0	3	0	1	2	0	2	1	0	3	0	6	0	0	9	0	1	0
4	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	4	0	8	0	1	0	0	1	4
5	0	1	1	0	2	2	0	3	3	0	5	0	10	0	1	3	0	1	8
6	0	1	2	0	3	0	0	4	2	0	6	1	0	0	1	6	0	2	0
7	0	1	3	0	3	2	0	5	1	0	7	1	2	0	1	9	0	2	4
8	0	2	0	0	4	0	0	6	0	0	8	1	4	0	2	0	0	2	8
9	0	2	1	0	4	2	0	6	3	0	9	1	6	0	2	3	0	3	0
10	0	2	2	0	5	0	0	7	2	0	10	1	8	0	2	6	0	3	4
11	0	2	3	0	5	2	0	8	1	0	11	1	10	0	2	9	0	3	8
12	0	3	0	0	6	0	0	9	0	1	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	4	0
13	0	3	1	0	6	2	0	9	3	1	1	2	2	0	3	3	0	4	4
14	0	3	2	0	7	0	0	10	2	1	2	2	4	0	3	6	0	4	8
15	0	3	3	0	7	2	0	11	1	1	3	2	6	0	3	9	0	5	0
16	0	4	0	0	8	0	1	0	0	1	4	2	8	0	4	0	0	5	4
17	0	4	1	0	8	2	1	0	3	1	5	2	10	0	4	3	0	5	8
18	0	4	2	0	9	0	1	1	2	1	6	3	0	0	4	6	0	6	0
19	0	4	3	0	9	2	1	2	1	1	7	3	2	0	4	9	0	6	4
20	0	5	0	0	10	0	1	3	0	1	8	3	4	0	5	0	0	6	8
21	0	5	1	0	10	2	1	3	3	1	9	3	6	0	5	3	0	7	0
22	0	5	2	0	11	0	1	4	2	1	10	3	8	0	5	6	0	7	4
23	0	5	3	0	11	2	1	5	1	1	11	3	10	0	5	9	0	7	8
24	0	6	0	1	0	0	1	6	0	2	0	4	0	0	6	0	0	8	0
25	0	6	1	1	0	2	1	6	3	2	1	4	2	0	6	3	0	8	4
26	0	6	2	1	1	0	1	7	2	2	2	4	4	0	6	6	0	8	8
27	0	6	3	1	1	2	1	8	1	2	3	4	6	0	6	9	0	9	0
28	0	7	0	1	2	0	1	9	0	2	4	4	8	0	7	0	0	9	4
56	1	2	0	2	4	0	3	6	0	4	8	9	4	0	14	0	0	18	8
84	1	9	0	3	6	0	5	3	0	7	0	14	0	1	1	0	1	8	0

TABLE I.

Numb.	5d.			6d.			7d.			8d.			9d.			10d.			11d.		
	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.
1	0	0	5	0	0	6	0	0	7	0	0	8	0	0	9	0	0	10	0	0	11
2	0	0	10	0	1	0	0	1	2	0	1	4	0	1	6	0	1	8	0	1	10
3	0	1	3	0	1	6	0	1	9	0	2	0	0	2	3	0	2	6	0	2	9
4	0	1	8	0	2	0	0	2	4	0	2	8	0	3	0	0	3	4	0	3	8
5	0	2	1	0	2	6	0	2	11	0	3	4	0	3	9	0	4	2	0	4	7
6	0	2	6	0	3	0	0	3	6	0	4	0	0	4	6	0	5	0	0	5	6
7	0	2	11	0	3	6	0	4	1	0	4	8	0	5	3	0	5	10	0	6	5
8	0	3	4	0	4	0	0	4	8	0	5	4	0	6	0	0	6	8	0	7	4
9	0	3	9	0	4	6	0	5	3	0	6	0	0	6	9	0	7	6	0	8	3
10	0	4	2	0	5	0	0	5	10	0	6	8	0	7	6	0	8	4	0	9	2
11	0	4	7	0	5	6	0	6	5	0	7	4	0	8	3	0	9	2	0	10	1
12	0	5	0	0	6	0	0	7	0	0	8	0	0	9	0	0	10	0	0	11	0
13	0	5	5	0	6	6	0	7	7	0	8	8	0	9	9	0	10	10	0	11	11
14	0	5	10	0	7	0	0	8	2	0	9	4	0	10	6	0	11	8	0	12	10
15	0	6	3	0	7	6	0	8	9	0	10	0	0	11	3	0	12	6	0	13	9
16	0	6	8	0	8	0	0	9	4	0	10	8	0	12	0	0	13	4	0	14	8
17	0	7	1	0	8	6	0	9	11	0	11	4	0	12	9	0	14	2	0	15	7
18	0	7	6	0	9	0	0	10	6	0	12	0	0	13	6	0	15	0	0	16	6
19	0	7	11	0	9	6	0	11	1	0	12	8	0	14	3	0	15	10	0	17	5
20	0	8	4	0	10	0	0	11	8	0	13	4	0	15	0	0	16	8	0	18	4
21	0	8	9	0	10	6	0	12	3	0	14	0	0	15	9	0	17	6	0	19	3
22	0	9	2	0	11	0	0	12	10	0	14	8	0	16	6	0	18	4	1	0	2
23	0	9	7	0	11	6	0	13	5	0	15	4	0	17	3	0	19	2	1	1	1
24	0	10	0	0	12	0	0	14	0	0	16	0	0	18	0	1	0	0	1	2	0
25	0	10	5	0	12	6	0	14	7	0	16	8	0	18	9	1	0	10	1	2	11
26	0	10	10	0	13	0	0	15	2	0	17	4	0	19	6	1	1	8	1	3	10
27	0	11	3	0	13	6	0	15	9	0	18	0	1	0	3	1	2	6	1	4	9
28	0	11	8	0	14	0	0	16	4	0	18	8	1	1	0	1	3	4	1	5	8
56	1	3	4	1	8	0	1	12	8	1	17	4	2	2	0	2	6	8	2	11	4
84	1	15	0	2	2	0	2	9	0	2	16	0	3	3	0	3	10	0	3	17	0

Per Day.	Per Week.			Per Year.				Per Day.	Per Week.			Per Year.			
d.	s.	d.	q.	l.	s.	d.	q.	d.	s.	d.	q.	l.	s.	d.	q.
¼	0	1	3	0	7	7	1	6¼	3	7	3	9	10	1	1
½	0	3	2	0	15	2	2	6½	3	9	2	9	17	8	2
¾	0	5	1	1	2	9	3	6¾	3	11	1	10	5	3	3
1	0	7	0	1	10	3	0	7	4	1	0	10	12	11	0
1¼	0	8	3	1	18	0	1	7¼	4	2	3	11	0	6	1
1½	0	10	2	2		7	2	7½	4	4	2	11	8	1	2
1¾	1	0	1	2	13	2	3	7¾	4	6	1	11	15	8	3
2	1	2	0	3	0	10	0	8	4	8	0	12	3	4	0
2¼	1	3	3	3	8	5	1	8¼	4	9	3	12	10	11	1
2½	1	5	2	3	16	0	2	8½	4	11	2	12	18	6	2
2¾	1	7	1	4	3	7	3	8¾	5	1	1	13	6	1	3
3	1	9	0	4	11	3	0	9	5	3	0	13	13	9	0
3¼	1	10	3	4	18	10	1	9¼	5	4	3	14	1	4	1
3½	2	0	2	5	6	5	2	9½	5	6	2	14	8	11	2
3¾	2	2	1	5	14	0	3	9¾	5	8	1	14	16	6	3
4	2	4	0	6	1	8	0	10	5	10	0	15	4	2	0
4¼	2	5	3	6	9	3	1	10¼	5	11	3	15	11	9	1
4½	2	7	2	6	16	10	2	10½	6	1	2	15	19	4	2
4¾	2	9	1	7	4	5	3	10¾	6	3	1	16	6	11	3
5	2	11	0	7	12	1	0	11	6	5	0	16	14	7	0
5¼	3	0	3	7	19	8	1	11¼	6	6	3	17	2	2	1
5½	3	2	2	8	7	3	2	11½	6	8	2	17	9	9	2
5¾	3	4	1	8	14	10	3	11¾	6	10	1	17	17	4	3
6	3	6	0	9	2	6	0	12	7	0	0	18	5	0	0

The Second Table shews, amongst other Things, to what a very small daily Expence will amount in Time. Examples:

I find certain petty Expences cost me 5¼ d. per Day—how much is that a Year? Ans. 7 l. 19 s. 8¼ d.

If a Man drinks but one Gill of Wine per Day, at 2s. 6d. per Quart, at the Year's End it will cost him 5l. 14s. 0¼d. though only 3¾d. per Day. A Bottle per Day, at that Rate, is 4 l. 12s. 6d. at the Year's End, or Five Times the yearly Amount standing against 6d. in the Table.

Per Year.	Per Day	Per Week.	Per Month.	Three Months.	Six Months.	Nine Months.
l. s.	s. d. q.	s. d. q.	l. s. d.	l. s. d.	l. s. d.	l. s. d.
1 0	0 0 1 1¼	0 0 4¾	0 1 8	0 5 0	0 10 0	1 5 0
1 10	0 0 1 2½	0 0 7½	0 2 6	0 7 6	0 15 0	1 12 6
2 0	0 0 2 0	0 0 9½	0 3 4	0 10 0	1 0 0	1 10 0
2 10	0 0 2 1¼	0 0 11¾	0 4 2	0 12 6	1 5 0	1 17 6
3 0	0 0 2 2½	0 1 2¼	0 5 0	0 15 0	1 10 0	2 5 0
3 10	0 0 2 3¾	0 1 4¾	0 5 10	0 17 6	1 15 0	2 12 6
4 0	0 0 3 0¼	0 1 7¼	0 6 8	1 0 0	2 0 0	3 0 0
4 10	0 0 3 1¾	0 1 9¾	0 7 6	1 2 6	2 5 0	3 7 6
5 0	0 0 3 3¼	0 2 0¼	0 8 4	1 5 0	2 10 0	3 15 0
5 5	0 0 3 3¾	0 2 1½	0 8 9	1 6 3	2 12 6	3 18 9
6 0	0 0 3 3¾	0 2 3	0 10 0	1 10 0	3 0 0	4 10 0
6 6	0 0 4 0¼	0 2 5¼	0 10 6	1 11 6	3 3 0	4 14 6
7 7	0 0 4 3½	0 2 9½	0 12 3	1 16 9	3 13 6	5 10 3
8 8	0 0 5 2	0 3 2¾	0 14 0	2 2 0	4 4 0	6 6 0
9 9	0 0 6 1	0 3 7	0 15 9	2 7 3	4 14 6	7 1 9
10 10	0 0 6 3¾	0 4 0¼	0 17 6	2 12 6	5 5 0	7 17 6
11 11	0 0 7 2½	0 4 5	0 19 3	2 17 9	5 15 6	8 13 3
12 12	0 0 8 1	0 4 10 0¼	1 1 0	3 3 0	6 6 0	9 9 0
13 13	0 0 9 0	0 5 2 3¾	1 2 9	3 8 3	6 16 6	10 4 9
14 14	0 0 9 2¾	0 5 7 3	1 4 6	3 13 6	7 7 0	11 0 6
15 15	0 0 10 1½	0 6 0 2¾	1 6 3	3 18 9	7 17 6	11 16 3
16 16	0 0 11 0¼	0 6 5 1½	1 8 0	4 4 0	8 8 0	12 12 0
17 17	0 0 11 3	0 6 10 1	1 9 9	4 9 3	8 18 6	13 7 9
18 18	0 1 0 1¾	0 7 3 0¼	1 11 6	4 14 6	9 9 0	14 3 6
19 19	0 1 1 0½	0 7 7 3¼	1 13 3	4 19 9	9 19 6	14 19 3
21 0	0 1 1 3¼	0 8 0 3¾	1 15 0	5 5 0	10 10 0	15 15 0

My Servant has lived with me Seven Months and Twelve Days, at Nine Guineas a Year --what do his Wages amount to?

	£.	s.	d.
Under 6 Months, against 9 Guineas, is	4	14	6
Under 1 Month, against the same, is	0	15	9
1 Week, ditto - -	0	3	7½
5 Times the Number of 1 Day	0	2	7½
	5	16	5¾

The two first Columns of this Table are calculated to the Quarter of a Farthing.

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES for 1794;

Being the 42d of New-Style, and the 34th of George III.

Dominical Letter -	E	EASTER DAY	April 20
Golden Number -	9	Ascension Day -	May 29
EPACT - - - -	28	Whitsunday	June 8
Shrove Sunday -	Mar. 2	Trinity Sunday -	15
Ash Wednesday -	Mar. 5	Advent Sunday -	Nov. 30

Birth-Days and Years of the Royal Family of Gr. Britain.

KING Geo. III.	June 4, 1738	P. Aug. Fred.	Jan. 27, 1773
P. of Wales,	Aug. 12, 1762	P. Adolph. Fred.	Feb. 24, 1774
P. Frederick,	Aug. 16, 1763	Prs. Mary,	April 25, 1776
P. Wm. Henry,	Aug. 21, 1765	Prs. Sophia,	Nov. 3, 1777
Prs. Char. A. M.	Sept. 29, 1766	Prs. Amelia,	Aug. 7, 1783
Prince Edward,	Nov. 2, 1767		
Prs. So. Augusta,	Nov. 8, 1768	Qu. Charlotte,	May 19, 1744
Prs. Elizabeth,	May 22, 1770	Prs. A. of Brunf.	Aug. 12, 1737
Pr. Er. Augustus,	June 5, 1771	D. of Gloucester,	Nov. 25, 1743

Births of the principal Sovereigns of Europe.

KING of Prussia	1744	Queen of Portugal	1734
Grand Seignor	1761	Emperor of Germany	1747
King of Spain	1748	King of Sweden	1746
Pius VI. Pope	1717	Wm. V. Stadtholder	1748
King of Sardinia	1726	King of Denmark	1749
Empress of Russia	1729	K. of the Two Sicilies	1751
King of Poland	1732		

RULES for finding the Moveable Feasts and Holidays.

EASTER is always the first Sunday after the first Full Moon, upon or next after March 21: if the Full Moon is on a Sunday, Easter is the Sunday following.

Septuagesima S.	9	before East.	Rog. Sun.	5 W.	after East.
Sexagesima	8		Asc. Day	40 D.	
Quinquagesima	7		Whitsun.	7 W.	
Quadragesima	6		Trin. Sun.	8 W.	

Advent Sun. the nearest Sun. to the Feast of St. Andrew.

Corpus Christi always the Thursday after Trin. Sun.

A PERPETUAL DIARY;

Shewing on what Day of the Week any Day of the Year will fall.

FIRST, the Week-Day that begins the Year, is found according to the Dominical Letter, as follows:

TABLE I.

Dom. Letter.	Year begins on	Dom. Letter.	Year begins on
A	*Sunday.*	E	*Wednesday.*
B	*Saturday.*	F	*Tuesday.*
C	*Friday.*	G	*Monday.*
D	*Thursday.*		

The Dominical Letter for the present Year is E, so that the Numbers in the following Table will shew all the *Wednesdays* in the Year.

TABLE II.

All the *Wednesdays* in the Year.

Jan. October	*April July*	*Sept. Dec.*	*June*	*Feb. March Nov.*	*August*	*May*
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

USE.—Required on what Day of the Week the 29th of January will fall. Look under January; and in this Case, the Number being found in the Table, the 29th will happen on the same Day of the Week with New-Year's Day, which the Dominical Letter, E, shews to be *Wednesday*.

Again, I wish to know the Day of the Week corresponding with the 1st of March. Here, under March, I find the 5th falls on a *Wednesday*; therefore the 1st is on the *Saturday* before.

JANUARY 1, to

Week 1]	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Mr. [illegible]		12	7½
	Cash in Hand	—	—	—
	Total £			

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			W. January 1.
			Receive a visit from Mrs. Fanny K. Miss. Lucy — evening at Mr. Stanhope's —
			Th.
1	11		
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

JANUARY 6, 10

Week 2]	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 6
	V.
	S.
	A.
	Su.

JANUARY 17[illegible]

Week 3]	Account of CASH.	Received
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

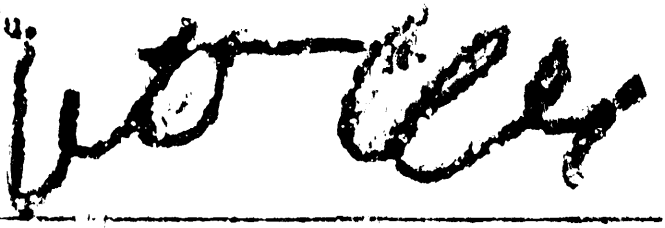
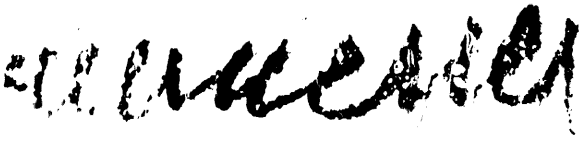
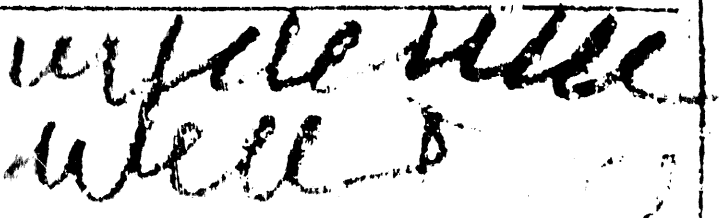
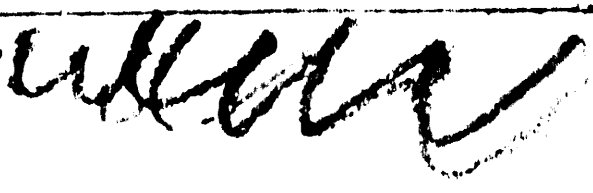
JANUARY 19, 1794.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 13
			Tu.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

JANUARY 20, 10

Week 4]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

JANUARY 26, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 20 
	Tu. 
	W. 
	Th. 
	F. 
	Sa. 
	Su.

JANUARY 27, to

Week 5]	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

FEBRUARY 2, 1794.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 27
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa. FEBRUARY 1.
			Su.

FEBRUARY 3, to

Week 6	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 3
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

FEBRUARY 10, to

Week 7]	Account of Cash.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand	—	—	—
	Total £			

FEBRUARY 16, 1794.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 10
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

FEBRUARY 17, to

Week 8	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

FEBRUARY 23, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 17
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

FEBRUARY 24, to

Week 9]	Account of Cash.	Received		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

MARCH 2, 1704.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 24
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa. March 1.
			Su.

MARCH [illegible]

[illegible]	Account of Cash.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

MARCH 9, 1794.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 3
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

MARCH 10, to			
Week 11} Account of CASH.	Received.		
Brought over £			
Cash in Hand			
Total £			

MARCH 16, 1794.			
Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 10
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

MARCH 17, to		
Week 12	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

MARCH 23, 1704.

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 17
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

MARCH 24, to

Week 13] Account of CASH. Received.

Brought over £

Cash in Hand

Total £

MARCH 30, 1794.

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 24
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

MARCH 31, 10

Week 14] Account of CASH. | Received.

Brought over £

Cash in Hand

Total £

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 31
	Tu. APRIL 1.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

APRIL 7, to

Week 15] Account of CASH. Received

Brought over £

Cash in Hand

Total £

APRIL 13. 175[illegible]

Paid.			MEMORANDA and REMARKS.
			M. 7
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

PRIL 14, to

Week 16]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

APRIL 2[illegible], 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 14
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

APRIL 21, to

Week 17]	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

APRIL 27, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 21
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

APRIL 28, 10

Week 18	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	

MAY 4, 1704.

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS AND REMARKS.
	M. 28
	Tu.
	W.
	Th. MAY 5.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

MAY 5, to

Week 19]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

MAY 11, 1794.	
Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 5
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

MAY 1?, ?o

Week ?.	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 12
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

MAY 19, to		
Week 21	Account of CASH.	Received
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

MAY 25, 1794.		
Paid.		Memorandums and Remarks.
		M. 19
		Tu.
		W.
		Th.
		F.
		Sa.
		Su.

MAY 26, to

Week 22	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

JUNE 1, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 26
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su. JUNE 1.

JUNE 2, to

Week 23.] Account of CASH. | Received.

Brought over £

Cash in Hand

Total £

JUNE 8, 1794

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 2
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JUNE 9, to

Week 24.	Account of Cash.	Receipts.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

JUNE 15, 1794.

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 9
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JUNE 16, to

Week 25]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

JUNE 22, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 16
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JUNE 23, to

Week 26	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

JUNE 29, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 23
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JUNE 30, to

Week 27	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	JUNE 30 £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

JULY 6, 1794.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 30 M. 30
			Tu. July 1.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

JULY 7, to

Week 28]	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

JULY 13, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 7
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JULY 14, to

Week 29] Account of CASH. Received.

Brought over £

Cash in Hand

Total £

JULY 20, 1794.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 14
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

JULY 21, to

Week 30]	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

JULY 27, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 21
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JULY 28, to			
Week 31] Account of Cash.	Received.		
Brought over £			
Cash in Hand			
Total £			

AUGUST 3, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks
	M. 28
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F. August 1.
	Sa.
	Su.

AUGUST 4, to

Week 32	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 4
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

AUGUST 11, to

Week 33]	Account of CASH.	Received
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

AUGUST 17. 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 11
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

Week 34] Account of CASH.	Received.		
Brought over £			
Cash in Hand			
Total £			

AUGUST 24, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 18
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

AUGUST 25, to

Week 35] Account of Cash.		Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

AUGUST 31, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 25
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	S..
	Su.

SEPTEMBER 1, 18

Week 36]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

SEPTEMBER 7, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. September 1.
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

Week 37.]	Account of Cash.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

SEPTEMBER, 14, 1704.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 8
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

SEPTEMBER

Accounts of Cash.	Received.
Brought over £	
Cash in Hand	
Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 15
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

SEPTEMBER 22, to				
Week 39]	Account of CASH.	Received		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

SEPTEMBER 28, 1904.

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 22
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

SEPTEMBER 29, to

Week 40]	Account of Cash.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

OCTOBER 5, 1794.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 29
			Tu.
			W. October 1.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

OCTOBER 6, to

Week 41	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

OCTOBER 12, 1794

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 6.
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

OCTOBER 13, to

Week 42	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

OCTOBER 19, 1794.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 13
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

Week 43	Account of Cash.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

OCTOBER 26, 1794.		
Paid.		Memorandums and Remarks.
		M. 20
		Tu.
		W.
		Th.
		F.
		Sa.
		Su.

OCTOBER 27, to

Week 44]	Account of CASH.	Received
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 27
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa. November 1.
			Su.

NOVEMBER 3, to		
Week 45	Account of CASH.	Received
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

NOVEMBER 9, 1794.

Paid.			MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
			M. 3
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

NOVEMBER 10, to

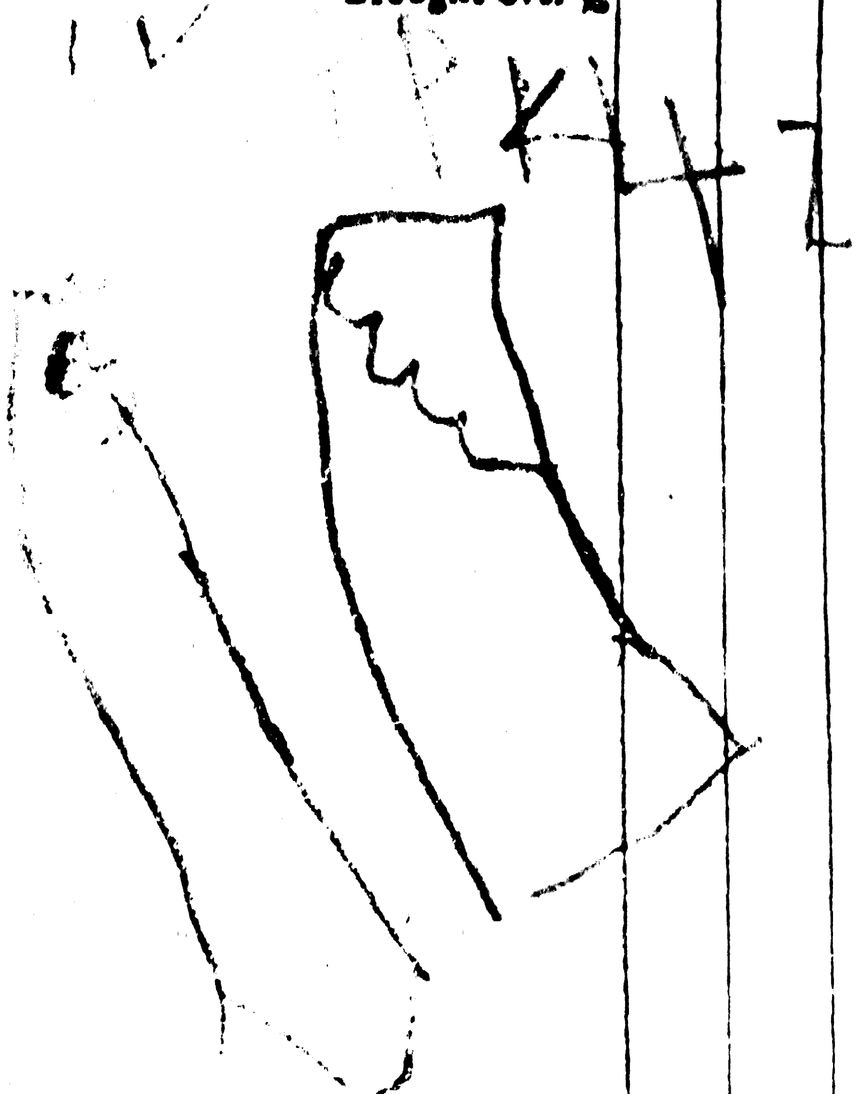
Week 46]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

NOVEMBER 16, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 10 
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

NOVEMBER 17, to

Week 47]	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			



	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

NOVEMBER 23, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 17
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

NOVEMBER 24, to

Week 48	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

NOVEMBER 30, 1794.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 24
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

DECEMBER 1, to

Week 49]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. DECEMBER 1.
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	S.
	SU.

DECEMBER 8, to

Week 50	Account of Cash.	Received		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

DECEMBER 17, 1794.			
Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 8
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

DECEMBER 15, 10

Week 51	Account of Cash.	Received
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

DECEMBER 21, 1704.

Paid.			MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
			M. 15
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

DECEMBER 22, to

Week 52]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

DECEMBER 28, 1994.

Rec'd.			Memoranda and Remarks.
			M. 22
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

DECEMBER 29, to

Account of Cash.	Received.
Brought over £	
Cash in Hand	
Total £	

DECEMBER 31, 1794.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 29
	Tu.
	W. 31

REMARKS at the End of the Year 1794.

FAVOURITE NEW SONGS,

SUNG AT

VAUXHALL,

In the YEAR 1793.

WE SHALL LIVE TOGETHER, LADDIE.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

KIRKALDY is a bonny place,
And Jemmy live beſide it;
'Twas there we ſaw each other's face,
Whatever may betide it:
But be it ill, or be it not,
I dinna care a feather;
For ſoon at kirk we'll tie the knot,
And we ſhall live together!
Oh, we ſhall live together, Laddie,
We ſhall live together.

My mither raves from morn to night,
And ſays I muſt grow older;
Yet ſhe is ſeldom in the right,
As father's often told her:
So let her ſcold, and let her frown,
I dinna care a feather;
The parſon will be ſoon in town,
And we ſhall live together!
Oh, we ſhall live together, Laddie,
We ſhall live together.

My mither vows it ſhanna be,
When father is not near her;
But ſince we've made a friend of he,
I dinna muckle fear her!

For be ſhe right, or be ſhe wrong,
I dinna care a feather;
Since we're to marry ere its long,
Then we ſhall live together!
Oh, we ſhall live together, Laddie,
We ſhall live together.

FOR YOU, MY LOVELY GIRL.

Sung by Mr. CLIFFORD.

COME, pretty Poll, from tears refrain;
And, deareſt maid, believe,
It wrings my heart with cruel pain,
To ſee my charmer grieve:
Then dry thoſe eyes, and, ere I go,
Each anxious fear diſpel,
And bold I'll meet my country's foes,
For you, my lovely girl.

A ſailor ſcorns the name of ſlave,
And, when he's call'd to war,
Will teach the foe, what 'tis to brave
A dauntleſs Britiſh tar;
Then bid, my life, thoſe ſighs adieu,
Thoſe lucid tears farewell!
I fly to conquer, love, for you;
For you, my lovely girl.

The ſignal's fir'd! I'm call'd away;
'Tis will'd that we muſt part;
But, though forbid with thee to ſtay,
I bear thee in my heart:
Then let not Polly be concern'd;
For Hymen ſoon ſhall tell
Thy ſailor's ſafe from war return'd,
For you, my lovely girl.

'TIS

'TWAS IN EDINBOROUGH TOWN I FIRST MET THE LAD.

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN.

'TWAS in Edinborough town
I met wi a lad,
And they call'd him winſome Johnny O;
And he vow'd he'd give me
A braw new plaid,
For a kiſs of my mou ſo bonny O,
My pretty little mou ſo bonny O.

No, in Edinborough town,
My winſome Lad,
You ſhanna, ſays I, dear Johnny O:
Nor I will not take
Your braw new plaid
For a kiſs of my mou ſo bonny O,
My pretty little mou ſo bonny O.

Then to Edinborough kirk
He preſs'd me to go,
Yes, the wily, winſome Johnny O;
And faith I could not
Anſwer him—No:
For he kiſs'd my mou ſo bonny O,
My pretty little mou ſo bonny O.

THE VAUXHALL GYPSEY.

Sung by Miſs MILNE.

COME hither, ye youths, and attend to my call:
I'm the poor little Gypſey that ſings at Vauxhall,
Who has cunning enough, if you croſs but her hand,
To know whether Fate will obey her command.
Then liſt to my call:
Whether ſober or tipſey,
Attend to the Gypſey,
The poor little Gypſey that ſings at Vauxhall.

Some youths who're in love, and can live on a ſigh,
May be anxious to gueſs at their fair-one's reply:
If ſhe ſhews her white teeth, and for ever is gay,
Love is fad, and you only are in a bad way.
You'll ſhortly ſing ſmall;
No longer, *Je vous ſçais*:
So mind your th' Gypſey,
The poor little Gypſey that ſings at Vauxhall.

The ſweet little Miſs, juſt arriv'd at her teens,
Who cannot make out what the Gentleman means,
Begs Teacher to ſuffer her lot may be told her,
Whether, huſband and coach, as in time ſhe grows older.
Then come to my call,
So friſky and whip-ſe;
And mind you the Gypſey,
The poor little Gypſey that ſings at Vauxhall.

Would you all wiſh to know then the fortune of all?
Here come to my levee at merry Vauxhall,
Where croſs Gypſey's hand with a ſmall bit of ſtuff,
No man but ſhall ſay, I give bleſſings enough.
Then be bleſt one and all:
Either ſober or tipſey,
Remember the Gypſey,
The poor little Gypſey that ſings at Vauxhall.

WE SOLDIERS DRINK, WE SOLDIERS SING.

Sung by Mr. DARLEY.

WE Soldiers drink, we Soldiers ſing;
We fight our foes, and love our king,
Are ever briſk and jolly;
We know no care in peace or war;
We aſk no wealth but fame and health,
A knapſack and a Dolly.

When mirth invites, we ſeldom think;
When honour calls, we never ſhrink;

But

But ſcorning melancholy,
Alert and gay, we march away
To foreign parts with cheerful hearts,
A knapſack and a Dolly.

If doom'd to fall, the good and brave
Will dew with tears their Soldier's grave.
Thus ſadneſs is a folly;
His dauntleſs ſword ſome will record,
His comrade dear will prize and cheer,
His knapſack and his Dolly.

Then come, my noble heroes, come,
With ſprightly fife and echoing drum,
With minds elate and jolly;
Let's take the field, nor ever yield
To Fortune's frowns, 'till conqueſt crowns
Our knapſack and our Dolly.

O LOVE! 'TIS THY POWER.

Sung by Maſter PHELPS and Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

Maſter Phelps. O LOVE! 'tis thy power I feel in my breaſt.
Mrs. Mountain. 'Tis the arrow of Cupid has robb'd me of reſt.
Mr. P. 'Twas her eyes ſo bewitching that ſhot thro' my heart.
Mrs. M. 'Twas his tongue ſo deluding, that iſſu'd the dart.
Mr. P. Then, then it is, Ah! but I will not ſay who.
Mrs. M. Then, then it is, Ah! but I will not tell you.

Mr. P. I love a ſweet ſomebody, tender and kind!
Mrs. M. I love, and am lov'd by the youth to my mind!
Mr. P. In the nymph all the graces and virtues unite!
Mrs. M. Oh! he fills my fond boſom with joy and delight!!
Mr. P. Then, then it is, Ah! but I will not ſay who.
Mrs. M. Then, then it is, Ah! but I will not tell you.

Mr. P. She is fair of the faireſt, and loves me, I know.
Mrs. M. In his breaſt love and honour eternally glow.
Mr. P. Oh, I'd die to protect the dear charmer I love!
Mrs. M. Though in courage a lion, in nature a dove!

Mr. P. Then, then it is, Ah! but I will not ſay who.
Mrs. M. Then, then it is, Ah! but I will not tell you.

Mr. P. Would ſhe take me, I'd join in the conjugal band;
Mrs. M. Would he have me, I'd give him this moment my hand.
Mr. P. Oh! the maid that I love is the queen of my heart,
Mrs. M. And the youth I adore is devoid of all art.
Mr. P. Then, then it is, Ah! can you not fancy who.
Mrs. M. Then, then it is Ah! but I dare not ſay you.

'TIS NO FAULT OF MINE.

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN.

YOUNG Damon has woo'd me a monſtrous long time;
I dare ſay 'tis a twelvemonth at leaſt;
But courtſhip's ſo pleaſant, when youth's in its prime,
The date of it cannot be gueſs'd.
Oh, how I did laugh when I thought I could vex,
Or cauſe him in anguiſh to pine!
Indeed 'tis the faſhion with all our kind ſex;
So you know it is no fault of mine.

The more conſtant he grew, the more flippant was I;
In his ſighs I enjoy'd freſh delight;
When he aſk'd for a kiſs, though I long'd to comply,
Yet I tortur'd myſelf out of ſpite;
When he found me reſolv'd all his hopes to perplex,
He forſook me, and left me to pine.
Indeed 'tis the faſhion with that cruel ſex;
So you know it was no fault of mine.

How ſhort were the moments when Damon was near!
Now each minute's as long as a day,
And winter's dark mantle envelopes the year,
Tho' then ev'ry ſeaſon was May.
I'll ſeek the dear youth, and heal the keen ſmart,
Declare I to pity incline;
If then he refuſes my hand and my heart,
Why, you know 'twill be no fault of mine.

MY

MY BONNY JOE IS GONE TO SEA.

Sung by Mrs. ADDISON.

IN vain the broom blooms freſh and gay,
No joy the ſpring affords to me:
My love is gone, ah, well-a-day!
My bonny Joe is gone to ſea.

The lad was nature's pride and boaſt,
But fortune ſmil'd not at his birth;
My cruel dad our love has croſt;
He knew not half my ſailor's worth.

Dear lads, he cry'd, more wealth to gain,
I leave my love awhile to mourn;
But bright is pleaſure after pain,
And bleſt we'll be when I return.

The hour is near, ſo blithe and gay,
That brings my Joe to love and me;
No more I'll cry, Ah, well-a-day!
When my dear Joe returns from ſea.

NEW SONGS,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

Mr. *DIBDIN.*

[*From* THE QUIZZES, *or* A TRIP TO ELYSIUM.]

WIT AND BEAUTY.

AS Wit and Beauty, for an hour,
The other day were jarring,
Which held o'er man ſuperior pow'r,
They almoſt came to ſparring.

Cry'd

Cry'd Reaſon, Wit, you're grown a fool,
You look quite ugly! Beauty,
Come take me with you, both be cool;
Sure mortals know their duty;
To them ſubmit,
Whether 'tis wit
They moſt admire, or beauty.

So ſaid, ſo done, out they both ſet,
With Reaſon to protect 'em,
Reſolv'd that the firſt men they met
Should to the truth direct 'em.
Inſtant they aſk'd a midnight throng,
Who to Bacchus paid their duty:
Wit, cry'd out they, teems in our ſong,
But 'tis inſpir'd by beauty.
Learn wiſdom, Wit;
Like us ſubmit
To the ſweet power of Beauty.

Cry'd Wit, no tricks on trav'lers here;
I ſaw you ſmile, you gypſey;
'Twas brib'ry and corruption clear;
Beſides, the rogues were tipſy:
You, bard, the truth will quickly hit;
Come, poet, do your duty.
Do you not owe your fame to wit?
To Wit, fool—no, to Beauty.
Adieu to Wit,
When men ſubmit
To be the ſlaves of Beauty.

Quaint rogue, with his ſatyric page,
The fellow is a lover:
If I'm condemn'd by yonder ſage,
I'll give the matter over.
Didſt not the world, ſay Hermit, quit,
Impoſing this hard duty,
Better to contemplate on Wit!
No—to reflect on Beauty.

Then,

Then, in fond fit,
He turn'd from Wit,
And ſqueez'd the hand of Beauty.

Wit rules the mind, Beauty the heart;
Friend one, and wife the other;
Thus, cleaving to the better part,
Men leave friend, father, brother:
Hence! cry'd the ſage—my preſence quit!
Adieu, friend, know thy duty!
Then ſhutting rude the door on Wit,
Was left alone with Beauty.
Since when poor Wit,
Glad to ſubmit,
Has own'd the pow'r of Beauty.

THE COMPACT OF FREEDOM.

WHEN heav'n-born Freedom hail'd this happy Iſle,
The firſt emporium in her wide domain;
This great beheſt, with a celeſtial ſmile,
She will'd; and ne'er may Freedom will in vain!
Would you poſſeſs the ſweets of liberty,
Britons, be loyal, ſo ſhall ye be free.

A Briton blind to duty's pleaſing force,
'Tis as if ſpirits ſhould from bodies ſtray;
Or erring planets wander from their courſe,
Eclips'd the influence of the ſolar ray.
Would you poſſeſs, &c.

Such duty from the grateful heart as flows,
To bounteous heav'n, for benefits that fall;
Such duty as the ſon the father owes,
Owe you your king, the father to you all.
Would you poſſeſs, &c.

Rejoice, ye Britons! Freedom's ſons, rejoice!
Laud in your grateful lays a patriot king:
Fir'd with one ſoul, one ſentiment, one voice,
To ratify the glorious compact, ſing.

So

So may we taſte the ſweets of liberty;
As we are loyal, ſo may we be free.

HONESTY IN TATTERS.

THIS here's what I does: I, d'ye ſee, forms a notion,
That our troubles, our ſorrow, and ſtrife,
Are the winds and the billows that foment the ocean,
As we work through the paſſage of life;
And for fear on life's ſea leſt the veſſel ſhould founder,
To lament and to weep and to wail,
Is a whip-gun that tries to outroar a nine-pounder,
All the ſame as a whiſ in a gale.
Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty nigh ſtarv'd me,
And my togs are all ragged and queer,
Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had ſerv'd me,
Nor caus'd ruin'd beauty a tear.

Why, there t'other day, when my meſsmate deceiv'd me,
Stole my rhino, my cheſt, and our Poll,
Do you think in revenge, while their treachery griev'd me,
I a court martial call'd? Not at all.
This here on the matter was my way of arguing,
'Tis true they ha'nt left me a croſs;
A vile wife, and falſe friend, though, are gone by the bargain;
So the gain, d'ye ſee,'s more than the loſs.
For though fortune's a jilt, &c.

The heart's all: when that's built as it ſhould, ſound and clever,
We go 'fore the wind like a fly;
But if rotten and crank, you may luff up for ever,
You'll always ſail in the wind's eye:
With palaver and nonſenſe I'm not to be paid off;
I'm adrift; let it blow then great guns,
A breeze, or a galer, or the old gemman's head off,
I takes life ſmooth and rough, as it runs.
For though fortune's a jilt, &c.

THE

THE BOWMEN OF KENT.

'TWAS one day at a fête giv'n at Jove's Sans-Souci,
The gods drinking nectar, the godeſſes tea;
While many a whim did their pleaſure beguile,
They at laſt talk'd of Britain, their fav'rite iſle;
Of its loyalty whence all its bleſſings increaſe,
Of its glory in war, of its ſplendour in peace.
Cried Jove, We'll revive one accompliſhment more,
Through which Britain's ſons gather'd laurels of yore;
When Fame led her archers wherever they went;
Proudly perch'd on the plume of the Bowmen of Kent.

Come, name your endowments, cry'd Mars; for my meed,
I courage would give, if of courage they need.
And I, cry'd out Vulcan, will gladly beſtow
Of well-temper'd ſteel an old tough Engliſh bow.
The bold archers all offer'd ſome gift to adorn;
Cynthia gave as her meed a ſuperb bugle horn;
Mercury ſkill and addreſs, Momus mirth, Bacchus wine;
The care of their dreſs, cry'd gay Iris, be mine.
Thus no trophy, that fancy or taſte could invent,
Was neglected to grace the bold Bowmen of Kent.

Cry'd Venus, her words ſweetly kiſſing the air,
Gift you your bold Bowmen while I gift the fair;
And firſt of my ceſtus each fair ſhall be queen,
Who ſports a gay ſaſh of Toxophilite green.
Next my ſon from his quiver an arrow ſhall draw,
Such as wounded my heart when Adonis I ſaw;
His bow ſhall he lend, and a leſſon impart,
Expertly to ſhoot at their target the heart.
Thus the trophy of love, that by Venus was ſent,
Shall reward the brave faith of the Bowmen of Kent.

Thus beſtow'd each Celeſtial ſome tribute of worth,
And Mercury deſcended triumphant to earth!
New Edwards and Henrys that ſwarm'd on the plain,
New Creſſys and Agincourts conquer'd again.

And many a ſair, darting love from her eyes,
As captain of numbers, ſoon bore off the prize.
Favour'd thus by the gods, by your king, by the fair,
May ye Britons have peace—yet ſhould trumpets ſpeak war,
Of a nation united beware—the bow's bent,
Then make from the ſhaft of the Bowmen of Kent.

A HINT TO THE LADIES.

PRAY, Ladies, think not I preſume
The art of love to teach you;
Proficients long ago become,
My counſel could not reach you.
A hint I offer, nothing more,
For your determination:
Love's myſteries would you explore,
Obſerve the feather'd nation;
As in a mirror may you there,
Of love make your elections,
As you chooſe ribbands at a fair,
To ſuit with all comp'exions.

The Cuckoo, that one fulſome tale
Vaunts over ſo and over,
May ſooner than the Dove prevail,
With ſome, by way of lover:
But I have heard the laughing loves
More truly aim their arrows;
When Venus harneſſes her Doves,
Than when ſhe's drawn by Sparrows:
But if the ſmalleſt hint by you
To this ſhould be objected,
With deference, ſo much your due,
I ſoon ſhall ſtand corrected.

The Peacock, with ſuch ſtately pride,
His haughty boſom throbbing,
May ſcorn, while hopping by his ſide,
The bleſt, though humble Robin;

But ſparingly true joy is lent
To envy, pride, and malice ;
'Tis ſaid a cottage and content
Sometimes outweigh a palace.
Yet may againſt my playful verſe,
No fit of anger ſeize you ;
I would not, for the univerſe,
Do aught that could diſpleaſe you.

Jays, pies, and all the chatt'ring crew,
To folly giv'n and pleaſure,
May turn to jeſt the choſen few,
Who love by virtue, meaſure.
Not ſo the grateful Nightingale,
Who, ſoon as ev'ning cloſes,
His orgies offers in the vale,
To hea'vn, ere he repoſes :
Of this you'll judge, as of the reſt ;
Yet, while the ſmile's beginning,
Ere you turn counſel to a jeſt,
Take care that laughing's winning.

THE QUIETUS.

RAIL on at joys that are not thine.
That thus thou leer'ſt with envy's b'lnk,
'Tis not becauſe we drink good wine ;
But 'tis that thou haſt none to drink.
What though two roads before us lie ;
We on no crooked path ſhall fall ;
For, that we may not walk awry ;
We'll drink till we can't walk at all.

Thou ſay'ſt that wine's the cauſe of ſtrife ;
That, to the brain when it aſcends,
We quarrel ; ſo do man and wife,
And then, like them, we're better friends.
But here thou ſhalt not have thy will,
Nor coax good fellows to a brawl ;
Rather than of our friends think ill,
We'll drink till we can't think at all.

Thou call'ſt the glaſs a foe to love;
Why, fool! 'tis Cupid's deareſt boaſt:
What fair did celebrated prove,
Till celebrated as a toaſt?
But imperfection ſhould there be,
That ſometimes to their lot may fall;
Rather than faults in ladies ſee,
We'll drink till we can't ſee at all.

Thou ſay'ſt that treaſon lurks beneath,
And our convivial pleaſure ſours:
Thou lieſt; that monſter does not breathe,
That dares profane a king like ours.
But our firm loyalty to prove,
And choak thee with thy rancorous gall;
Rather than in a faction move,
We'll drink till we can't move at all.

Yet, after all, abuſe our joy,
Indulge this cynic ſpite of thine,
When thou haſt ſaid thy worſt, old boy,
Thou can'ſt not ſay we drink bad wine.
We envy no man's pleaſure, we;
Still ready at each generous call;
Nay, rather than ſpeak ill of thee,
We'll drink till we can't ſpeak at all.

HUMANITY's COT.

OF horns and of echoes that through the woods ring,
And of lads full of ſpunk and of ſoul,
And of gay ſporting boxes let other bards ſing,
Merely built for the chaſe or the bowl:
I bring you of ſportſmen a true and tried knot,
Who ſport a ſnug box call'd Humanity's Cot.

Is honour in danger, worth ſunk by its fears,
On thoſe courſers their wiſhes they're borne;
To hunt vice to the toils, and to dry virtue's tears,
As the ſun melts the dew of the morn:

The

Then join of true ſportſmen ſo noble a knot,
The good lads that inhabit Humanity's Cot.

What chaſe a delight can more glorious yield,
Than to hunt in ſo noble a track;
Vice and folly the game, wide creation the field,
And the vot'ries of honour the pack?
Rejoice, then, ye ſportſmen who're thrown, by Fate's lot,
'Mongſt the lads that inhabit Humanity's Cot.

Return'd from their toil, with life's comforts well ſtor'd;
Reflection, their food gives a zeſt;
Health ſeaſons the viand that ſmokes on their board;
A clear conſcience invites them to reſt:
And ſweet are the ſlumbers that fall to the lot
Of the lads that inhabit Humanity's Cot.

Then let each Engliſh ſportſman theſe maxims embrace,
Who the ſpoils of true honour would ſhare,
All that's noxious to hunt to the toils in life's chaſe,
All that's harmleſs and uſeful to ſpare:
So the bleſſings of thouſands ſhall make up their lot,
And each ſporting-box vie with Humanity's Cot.

THE SAVOYARD.

FROM the cold ſnowy mountains of Savoy,
Fine muſic to grind, to dance, and to ſing,
I come in this country, a little boy;
My cymbal go ting a ring ting;
Wid de dancing dogs in the ſtreet I go;
The magic lantern gallantee ſhew;
I dance, I ſing;
While my cymbal go ting a ring ting:
All de trick and de fancy de Engliſh I know;
I ſee all ting paſs, but I noting ſay—
Tout'ry rig toujours au fait—
(Ah Imon dieu! c'eſt moi qui fais le façon
De picka de pockee.)
So den I come to Weſtminſter-hall,
Fine muſic to grind, to dance, and to ſing;

Where de peepel all go to law vat you call ;
My cymbal go ting a ring ting ;
The counſellor ſay he his client relieve ;
While he laugh toder ſide in his pudding ſleeve.
I dance, I ſing ;
My cymbal go ting a ring ting ;
Great many much guinea I ſee um receive ;
I ſee all ting paſs, but I noting ſay—
Give me one little trifle, Monſieur, s'il vous plaît—
(Ah ! mon dieu ! donnez-moi un peu de ça que vous avez gagné)
De picka de pockee.

Den I come to the window of vat you call Greek,
Fine muſic to grind, to dance, and to ſing ;
My dog he dance, my puppet he ſqueak ;
My cymbal go ting a ring ting ;
De dice he rattle, de game begin ;
Great many rouleaus ſome loſe, ſome win ;
I dance, I ſing ;
My cymbal go ting a ring ting ;
De pigeon ſwear dam, vile de rook he grin.
I ſee all ting paſs, but I noting ſay—
There's a ſhilling, you ſcoundrel—bien obligé—
(Oh ! mon dieu ! comme vous êtes généreux de me donner un peu de ça que vous avez gagné)
De picka de pockee.

NINETY-THREE.

ALL true honeſt Britons, I pray you, draw near ;
Bear a bob in a chorus to hail the new year ;
Join the mode of the times, and with heart and voice ſing
The good old Engliſh burden of God ſave the King.
Let the year ninety-three
Commem'rated be
To time's end ; for ſo long loyal Britons ſhall ſing
Heart and voice the old chorus of God ſave the King.

See with two diff'rent faces old Janus appear,
To frown out the old, and ſmile in the new year ;

And

And thus, while he proves a well-wiſher to crowns,
On the loyal he ſmiles, on the factious he frowns;
For in fam'd ninety-three
Britons all ſhall agree
With one face and one heart in a chorus to ſing,
Drowning faction and party in God ſave the King.

Some praiſe a new freedom, imported from France.
Is liberty taught them like teaching to dance?
They teach freedom to Britons! our own right divine!
A ruſh-light might as well teach the ſun how to ſhine!
In fam'd ninety-three,
We'll convince them we're free,
Free from ev'ry licentiouſneſs faction can bring,
Free, with heart and with voice, to ſing God ſave the King!

Thus, here though French faſhions may pleaſe for their day,
As children prize playthings, then throw them away;
In a country like England they never do hurt:
We improv'd on the ruffle, by adding the ſhirt.
Thus in fam'd ninety-three,
Britons all ſhall agree,
While, with one heart and voice, in loud chorus they ſing,
To improve *Ca ira* into God ſave the King!

THE RECOMPENCE OF CONSTANCY.

THE ſurge hoarſely murm'ring, young Fanny's grief mocking,
The ſpray rudely daſhing as ſalt as her tears;
The ſhips in the offing perpetual y rocking;
Too faithful a type of her hopes and her fears:
'Twas here, ſhe cry'd out, that Jack's vows were ſo many!
Here I bitterly wept, and I bitterly weep!
Here, heart whole, he ſwore to return to his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that nods over the deep.

Ah! mock not my troubles, ye pitileſs breakers;
Ye winds, do not thus melt my heart with alarms.
He is your pride and mine; in my grief then partakers,
My ſailor in ſafety waft back to my arms.

They are deaf and ungrateful: theſe woes are too many;
Here, here, will I die, where I bitterly weep;
Some true lover ſhall write the ſad fate of poor Fanny,
On the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

Thus, her heart ſadly torn with its wild perturbation,
No friend but her ſorrow, no hope but the grave,
Led on by her grief in the laſt deſperation,
She ran to the cliff, and plung'd into the wave.
A tar ſav'd her life: the fond tale ſhall pleaſe many;
Who before wept her fate, now no longer ſhall weep;
'Twas her Jack, who, returning, had ſought out his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, in *Hartford Bridge*.

FOR England when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ſhip up channel ſteer'd,
And ſcudding under eaſy ſail,
The high blue weſtern land appear'd:
To heave the lead the ſeaman ſprung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
By the deep nine.

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,
An abbey tow'r, an harbour fort,
Or beacon to be veſſel true;
While oft the lead the ſeaman ſlung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
By the mark ſeven.

And as the much-lov'd ſhore we near,
With tranſports we behold the roof,

Where

Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchleſs proof;
The lead once more the ſeaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot ſung,
Quarterleſs five.

THE LULLABY.

Sung by Signora STORACE, in *The Pirates.*

PEACEFUL ſlumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh;
The winds and waves in gentle motion,
Soothes them with its lullaby.
Is the wind tempeſtuous blowing,
Still no danger they deſcry;
The guileleſs heart its boon beſtowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

HITHER, MARY, HITHER COME.

Sung by Maſter PHELPS, at VAUXHALL GARDENS.

HITHER, Mary, hither, come,
And taſte with me the vernal bloom;
Here the fragrant hawthorn blows,
Here bloom the pink and bluſhing roſe;
Hither, come, with me to prove
The ſweet delights of mutual love.
Hither, Mary, hither, come,
And make this bow'r thy peaceful home;
Taſte the bliſs of rural eaſe,
Matchleſs joys of love and peace,
Hither, come, with me to prove
The ſweet delights of mutual love.
Hither, Mary, hither, come;
No longer from thy lover roam;
Theſe delights com' ſhare with me;
Nature ſmiles to welcome thee:
Hither, come, with me to prove
The ſweet delights of mutual love.

THE

THE ROYAL SOLDIER.

Sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN, at VAUXHALL GARDENS.

THOUGH Pallas, clad in ſhining arms,
May ſhake the world with dread alarms;
And creſted Mars uplift the ſpear,
Britannia ſtill has nought to fear.
The Royal ſoldier's born to ſhow,
What 'tis to prove a Briton's foe:
Then hail the day that gave him birth,
For gallant York has prov'd his worth.

On Pruſſia's plains the vet'ran King,
Thus, taught the Britiſh youth to ſing;
"O haſte, Bellona, haſte the day,
When England may have cauſe to ſay,
My Royal ſoldier, bravely ſhow
What 'tis to prove a Briton's foe."
Then hail the day that gave him birth,
For gallant York has prov'd his worth.

To Pruſſia's Princeſs oft he's cry'd,
A nation's boaſt! a kingdom's pride!
"Bear witneſs to the vows I ſwear,
My country's good ſhall be my care:
Thy Royal ſoldier yet ſhall ſhow
What 'tis to prove a Briton's foe."
Then hail the day that gave him birth,
For gallant York has prov'd his worth.

Proud Valenciennes, a hoſt of foes
Could truly, nobly brave! oppoſe;
'Till Britain's Fred'rick took the field,
And forc'd the haughty Gauls to yield.
The Royal ſoldier's born to ſhow
What 'tis to prove a Briton's foe:
Then hail the day that gave him birth,
For gallant York has prov'd his worth!

THE

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THE lowland maids gang trig and fine;
But oft they're four and uncoo saucy,
Sae proud they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd Highland Lassie.
O my bonny Highland Lassie,
My lovely smiling Highland Lassie!
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my Lassie.

Than ony lass in Borrow's town,
Who make their cheeks wi' patches motie,
I'd take my Katie with a gown,
Bare-footed in her little cotie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll scenn,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
O my bonny, &c.

THE ROSARY.

THOUGH oft we meet severe distress
In vent'ring out to sea;
Though oft we meet severe distress,
In vent'ring out to sea;
The perils of the storm seem less,
As we to heav'n our vows address,

And ſing the cheering Roſary,
And ſing the cheering Roſary;
As we to heav'n our vows addreſs,
And ſing the cheering Roſary.

Our kids that rove the mountains wide,
And bound in harmleſs glee;
Our kids that rove the mountains wide,
And bound in harmleſs glee,
I ſeek each day at even tide;
And while their courſe I homeward guide,
I ſing the cheering Roſary,
I ſing the cheering Roſary;
And while their courſe I homeward guide,
I ſing the cheering Roſary.

And in the deeper ſhades of night,
While through the woods I flee;
And in the deeper ſhades of night,
While through the woods I flee,
Where gloom and ſilence yield affright;
To make my beating heart ſit light,
I ſing the cheering Roſary,
I ſing the cheering Roſary;
To make my beating heart ſit light,
I ſing the cheering Roſary.

SELECT POETRY.

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM MRS. ROBINSON'S POEMS.

SWEET Bird of Sorrow!—why complain
In ſuch ſoft melody of Song,
That Echo, am'rous of thy Strain,
The ling'ring cadence doth prolong?
Ah! tell me, tell me, why,
Thy dulcet Notes aſcend the ſky?

Or on the filmy vapours glide
Along the misty mountain's side?
And wherefore dost Thou love to dwell
In the dark wood and moss-grown cell,
Beside the willow-margin'd stream—
Why dost Thou court wan Cynthia's beam?
Sweet Songstress—if thy wayward fate
Hath robb'd Thee of thy bosom's mate,
Oh, think not thy heart-piercing moan
  Evap'rates on the breezy air,
  Or that the plaintive Song of Care
Steals from thy Widow'd Breast alone.
Oft have I heard thy mournful Tale,
On the high Cliff, that o'er the Vale
Hangs its dark brow, whose awful shade
Spreads a deep gloom along the glade:
Led by its sound, I've wander'd far,
Till crimson evening's flaming Star
On Heav'n's vast dome refulgent hung,
And round ethereal vapours flung;
And oft I've sought th' Hygeian Maid,
In rosy dimpling smiles array'd,
Till forc'd with every Hope to part,
Resistless Pain subdu'd my Heart.

Oh, then, far o'er the restless deep
  Forlorn my poignant pangs I bore,
Alone in foreign realms to weep,
  Where Envy's voice could taunt no more.
I hop'd, by mingling with the gay,
To snatch the veil of Grief away;
I hop'd, amid the joyous train,
To break Affliction's pond'rous chain;
Vain was the hope—in vain I sought
The placid hour of careless thought,
Where Fashion wing'd her light career,
  And sportive Pleasure danc'd along:
  Oft have I shunn'd the blithsome throng,
To hide th' involuntary tear;

For e'en where rapt'rous tranſports glow,
From the full heart, the conſcious tear will flow.
When to my downy couch remov'd,
Fancy recall'd my wearied mind
To ſcenes of Friendſhip left behind;
Scenes ſtill regretted, ſtill belov'd!
Ah, then I felt the pangs of Grief
Graſp my warm heart, and mock relief.
My burning lids Sleep's balm defied,
And on my fev'riſh lip imperfect murmurs died.

Reſtleſs and ſad—I ſought once more
A calm retreat on Britain's ſhore;
Deceitful Hope, e'en there I found
That ſoothing Friendſhip's ſpecious name
Was but a ſhort-liv'd empty ſound,
And Love a falſe deluſive flame.

Then come, ſweet Bird, and with thy ſtrain,
Steal from my breaſt the thorn of pain;
Bleſt ſolace of my lonely hours,
In craggy caves and ſilent bow'rs,
When happy Mortals ſeek repoſe,
By Night's pale lamp we'll chaunt our woes;
And, as her chilling tears diffuſe
O'er the white thorn their ſilv'ry dews,
I'll with the lucid boughs entwine
A weeping Wreath, which round my Head
Shall by the waning Creſcent ſhine,
And light us to our leafy bed.—
But, ah! nor leafy beds, nor bow'rs,
Fring'd with ſoft May's enamell'd flow'rs,
Nor pearly leaves, nor Cynthia's beams,
Nor ſmiling Pleaſure's ſhad'wy dreams,
Sweet Bird, nor e'en thy melting Strains,
Can calm the Heart where tyrant Sorrow reigns!

THE

THE POST.

A KISS in vain your lips impreſs,
Which ne'er arrives at its addreſs.
A kiſs, that's ſent us by the Poſt,
Ere it can reach the mouth is loſt.
No thanks are due for ſuch a boon,
Which leaves one colder than a ſtone;
Kiſſes are taſteleſs fruits, we know,
Unleſs they're gather'd where they grow.

NEW COUNTRY DANCES,
For the Year 1794.

THE QUIZES.

FIRST Gentleman ſet to the ſecond Lady, and turn the third; firſt Lady ſet to the ſecond Gentleman, and turn the third; lead down the middle, up again one couple; hands four round.

NONE SO PRETTY.

Hands four acroſs; the ſame back again; lead down two couple; lead up, and caſt off; turn corners; lead outſides.

BRIDGEWATER CAMP.

Half right and left; the ſame back again; croſs over one couple, and turn; right and left at top.

THE ANTIGALLICAN DANCE.

Hey contrary ſides, hey on your own ſides; lead down the middle, up, and hands ſix round.

THE SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

The firſt and ſecond couple ſet, and hands acroſs; the ſame back again; lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off; allemande.

JUST IN TIME.

Allemande with your partner; the ſecond couple do the ſame; gallop down and up, caſt off; right and left.

THE GROVE.

Hands three round with the ſecond Lady; the ſame with the ſecond Gentleman; croſs over two; lead up to the top, and caſt off; hands ſix round; lead outſides.

THE PLEASANT REEL.

The firſt Gentleman turn the ſecond Lady; firſt Lady turn the ſecond Gentleman; lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off; lead outſides.

LADY ABERGAVENEY'S FANCY.

The firſt couple ſet to the ſecond Lady; hands three round; the ſame to the ſecond Gentleman; promenade three couple round; the firſt and ſecond couple pouſſette.

THE MARINERS.

Hands four acroſs; the ſame back again; lead down two couple; lead up, and caſt off; turn corners; lead outſides.

THE POWER OF ROSES.

The firſt couple ſet to the ſecond Lady, and hands three round; the ſame to the ſecond Gentleman; lead down the middle, up to the ſecond couple's place; then allemande with your partner.

THE MAIDENS OF KENT.

The firſt couple ſet to the ſecond Lady, and hands three round; the ſame to the ſecond Gentleman; lead down the middle, up again; hands ſix quite round.

KATE OF THE DALE.

The firſt couple ſet to the ſecond Lady, and hands three round; the ſame to the ſecond Gentleman; lead down the middle up again, and caſt off; allemande with your partner.

THE COACH BOX.

The firſt and ſecond couple foot it, and change ſides; the ſame back again; lead down the middle, up again; right and left.

THE ROYAL MEETING.

The firſt Gentleman turns the ſecond Lady; the firſt Lady turn the ſecond Gentleman; lead down the middle, up again, caſt off and turn your partner; lead outſides.

THE HOBBIES OF THE TIMES.

Right hands croſs; left hands back again; lead down one couple; up again, and caſt off.

HARLEQUIN'S MUSEUM.

Turn right hands quite round, and caſt off; turn left hands; ſet three and three, top and bottom, and turn your partner; hands ſix round; ſame back again.

THE SCOTS DANCE.

The firſt Gentleman turn the ſecond Lady; firſt Lady turn the ſecond Gentleman; lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off; lead outſides.

KITTY CROGAN.

Half right and left; the ſame back again; croſs over one couple, lead through the top, and caſt off; hands ſix quite round.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

The firſt Gentleman turn the ſecond Lady; firſt Lady turn the ſecond Gentleman; allemande with right and left hands; hands ſix quite round.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

Caſt off two couple; allemande with right hand; caſt up, and allemande with your left; lead down two couple, up again, and caſt off; hands ſix quite round.

OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Firſt Lady ſet to the ſecond Gentleman, and turn; ſet to the ſecond Lady, and turn; lead down the middle; up one couple; the firſt and ſecond couple pouſſette quite round.

THE LOYAL COBLER.

The firſt Gentleman turn the ſecond Lady; firſt Lady turn the ſecond Gentleman; right hands acroſs, left hands back again; firſt and ſecond couple promenade round; lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off.

THE MIDNIGHT WANDERERS.

The firſt Lady ſet to the ſecond Gentleman, and turn the third; the Gentleman do the ſame; lead down the middle, up again; right and left.

HOLIDAYS

AND

REMARKABLE DAYS,

IN THE YEAR 1794.

JANUARY.

1 CIRCUMCISION
5 Old Christ. Day
6 Epiphany. 12th Day
12 *1st Sun. after Epiphany*
13 Plow Monday
Old New Year's Day
Hilary
17 Old Twelfth Day
18 Q. Charl. birth-day kept
19 *2d Sun. after Epiphany*
23 Hilary Term begins
25 Conversion of St. Paul
26 *3d Sun. after Epiphany*
27 Pr. Au. Fred. b. 1773
30 King Charles I. Martyr. 1649

FEBRUARY.

2 Purif. B. V. Mary
Candlemas Day
4th Sun. after Epiphany
9 *5th Sun. after Epiphany*
12 Hilary Term ends
13 Old Candlemas Day
14 Valentine's Day
16 *Septuages. Sund.*
23 *Sexages. Sund.*
24 St. Matthias
24 Prince Adolph. Fred. born 1774
26 Day inc. 2 h. 56 m.

MARCH.

1 Saint David
2 *Shrove Sund.*
4 Shrove Tuesd.
5 Ash Wednes.
9 *1st Sund. in Lent*
16 *2d Sund. in Lent*
17 Saint Patrick
23 *3d Sunday in Lent*
25 Lady Day
30 *4th Sunday in Lent*

APRIL.

5 Old Lady Day
6 *5th Sunday in Lent*
13 *Palm Sunday*
17 Maunday Thursday
18 Good Friday
20 *Easter Sunday*
21 Easter Monday
22 Easter Tuesday

23 Saint George
25 S. Mark. Princeſs Mary born, 1776
27 *Low Sunday*

MAY.

1 St. Philip & St. James
4 *2d Sunday after Eaſter*
7 Term begins
11 *3d Sunday after Eaſter*
12 Old May Day
18 *4th Sunday after Eaſter*
19 Q. Charlotte born, 1744
22 Princeſs Elizabeth born, 1770
25 *Rogation Sunday*
29 Aſcenſion Day
K. Charles II. reſtor.

JUNE.

1 *Sunday after Aſcenſion Day*
2 Term ends
4 King George III. born, 1738
5 Prince Erneſt Auguſtus born, 1771
8 *Whit-Sunday*
9 Whit-Monday
10 Whit-Tueſday
11 St. Barnabas
15 *Trinity Sunday*
20 Term begins
21 Longeſt Day
22 *1ſt Sunday after Trinity*
24 Midſummer Day
St. John Baptiſt
29 *2d Sunday after Trinity*
29 St. Peter
30 Buck hunting comes in

JULY.

2 Viſit. of the V. Mary
3 Dog Days begin
5 Old Midſummer Day
6 *3d Sunday after Trinity*
7 Thomas à Becket
9 Term ends
13 *4th Sunday after Trinity*
15 St. Swithin
20 *5th Sunday after Trinity*
Margaret
22 Magdalen
25 St. James
27 *6th Sunday after Trinity*

AUGUST.

1 *Lammas Day*
3 *7th Sunday after Trinity*
5 Day decr. 1 h. 26 m.
6 Transfiguration
7 Prs. Amelia born 1783
10 *8th Sunday after Trinity*
St. Lawrence
11 Dog Days end
Princeſs of Brunſwick born 1737
12 Prince of Wales born 1762
Old Lammas Day
15 Aſſumption of the Virgin Mary
16 Duke of York born 1763
17 *9th Sunday after Trinity*
21 Duke of Clarence b. 1765

24 10th *Sunday after Trinity*
St. Bartholomew
28 St. Auguſtine
29 St. John Baptiſt beheaded
31 11th *Sunday after Trinity*

SEPTEMBER.

1 Partridge ſhooting begins
2 London burnt, 1666
7 12th *Sunday after Trinity*
8 Nativity of the Virgin Mary
14 13th *Sunday after Trinity*
Holy Croſs
15 Buck hunting goes out
21 14th *Sunday after Trinity*
St. Matthew
22 K. Geo. III. crown.
26 St. Cyprian
28 15th *Sunday after Trinity*
29 St. Michael
Princeſs Charl. Aug. Mat. born 1766
30 St. Jerome
Hare hunting begins

OCTOBER.

5 16th *Sunday after Trinity*
9 St. Denys
10 Old Michaelmas Day
12 17th *Sunday after Trinity*
18 St. Luke
19 18th *Sunday after Trinity*
25 *K. Geo. III. Acceſſion*
Criſpin
26 K. Geo. III. Procla.
19th *Sunday after Trinity*
28 St. Simon & St. Jude

NOVEMBER.

1 All Saints
2 20th *Sunday after Trinity*
Prince Edward born 1767
3 Princeſs Sophia born 1777
5 Powder Plot
6 Term begins
8 Prs. Aug. Sophia b. 1768
9 21ſt *Sunday after Trinity*
Lord Mayor's Day
11 Saint Martin
16 22d *Sunday after Trinity*
22 Old Mart. Day
23 23d *Sunday after Trinity*
25 D. of Glouceſter b. 1743
28 Term ends
30 *Advent Sunday*
St. Andrew

DECEMBER.

6 Nicholas
7 2d *Sunday in Advent*
8 Conception
14 3d *Sunday in Advent*
21 4th *Sunday in Advent*
St. Thomas
Shorteſt Day
25 *Chriſtmas Day*
26 St. Stephen
27 St. John
28 1ſt *Sunday after Chriſtmas*
Innocents
31 Silveſter

HOLIDAYS kept at the PUBLIC OFFICES.

Jan. 1, 6, 18, 25, and 30.
Feb. 2 and 24.
March 25.
April 25.
May 1 and 29.
June 4, 11, 24, and 29.
July 25.
August 12 and 24.
Sept. 2, 21, 22, 29.
Oct. 18, 25, and 28.
Nov. 1, 4, 5, 9, and 30.
Dec. 21, 25, 26, 27, and 28.

Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Easter Monday and Tuesday, Ascension Day, Whit Monday and Tuesday.

Note. At the Custom House, Shrove Tuesday, Easter Wednesday, Sept. 14, Oct. 25, and Nov. 17, are not kept as Holidays. Feb. 14, March 1, July 15, Aug. 11, Sept. 14, and Nov. 2, are kept at the Exchequer and Excise Office. Nov. 4 is kept as a Holiday at the Bank.

NEW *and* FULL MOONS *in* 1794.

	New. D. H.	Full. D. H.		New. D. H.	Full D. H.
Jan.	1 Mid.	16 4M	June	27 10M	13 1A
	31 11M		July	26 10A	12 11A
Feb.		14 10A	Aug.	25 Noon	11 7M
Mar.	1 10A	16 5A	Sept.	24 5M	9 4A
	31 7M		Oct.	23 11A	9Mid.
April	29 4A	15 10M	Nov.	22 4A	7 10M
May	29 1M	15 1M	Dec.	22 9M	6 9A

Six Eclipses, two of the Moon, and four of the Sun.

The first, Sun visibly eclipsed, Jan. 31, begins at 11, and ends at half past 12. Sun one-fourth part obscured.

The second, Moon visibly eclipsed, Feb. 14, begins at 8h. and ends at 12h. Moon totally dark for 1 hour and 3 quarters.

The third, Sun eclipsed, invisible at London, Mar. 1; middle of eclipse at 10h. A.

The fourth, Sun eclipsed, invisible at London, July 26; middle of eclipse at 10h. A.

The fifth, Moon eclipsed, invisible at London, Aug. 11; middle of eclipse at 7h. M.

The sixth, Sun eclipsed, invisible at London, Aug. 25; middle of eclipse at Noon.

HACKNEY COACH FARES, which commenced August 1, 1786.

The Opera Houſe, Drury-lane Theatre, Covent-garden Theatre, and Ranelagh.

[Colman's Thea[illegible] the ſame as the Opera Houſe.]

	Op.H. s. d.	D.L T. s. d.	C.GT. s. d.	Ran. s. d.
Alderſgate-ſtreet	2 0	1 6	1 6	3 0
St. Anne's church, Soho	1 0	1 0	1 0	2 0
Biſhopſgate-ſtreet within	2 0	1 6	1 6	4 0
Biſhopſgate-ſtreet without	2 6	2 0	2 0	4 0
Blackman-ſtreet over London bridge	3 0	2 0	2 0	4 0
Ditto, over Blackfriars	3 0	2 0	2 6	4 6
Ditto, over Weſtminſter	1 6	2 6	2 6	3 0
Bloomſbury-ſquare	1 0	1 0	1 0	3 0
Buckingham-gate	1 0	1 0	1 6	1 0
Charing-croſs	1 0	1 6	1 0	2 0
Foſter-lane end, Cheapſide	1 6	1 6	1 6	3 6
Cheapſide, end of King-ſtreet	1 6	1 6	1 6	4 0
Chelſea College	2 6	3 0	2 6	1 0
Cornhill, Freeman's-court	2 0	1 6	1 6	4 0
Fenchurch-ſtreet	2 0	1 6	2 0	4 6
Fleet-ſtreet, Obeliſk	1 0	1 0	1 0	3 6
Gracechurch-ſtreet	2 0	1 6	1 6	4 0
Hackney church	5 0	4 6	4 6	6 6
Holborn, end of Leather-lane	1 6	1 0	1 0	3 6
Hyde Park corner	1 0	1 6	1 6	1 6
St. James's Palace Gate	1 0	1 0	1 0	2 6
Iſlington	2 6	2 0	2 0	4 6
Knightſbridge	1 6	2 0	2 0	3 6
Marybone	1 6	1 6	1 6	3 0

Mile

	Op.H.	D.I.T.	C.G.T.	Ran.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Mile End turnpike	3 6	2 6	3 0	6 0
Minories	2 6	2 0	2 6	5 0
Moorfields	2 0	1 6	1 6	4 6
Oxford-ſtreet, Pantheon	1 0	1 6	1 6	2 6
Oxford-ſtreet, end of Orchard-ſtreet	1 0	1 6	1 6	2 0
Palace yard and St. Margaret's church	1 0	1 0	1 0	2 0
St. Paul's church-yard	1 6	1 6	1 6	3 6
Ratcliffe-croſs	4 6	3 6	3 6	6 6
Shoreditch church	3 0	2 6	2 6	5 0
Smithfield	1 6	1 6	1 6	3 0
Temple-Bar	1 0	1 0	1 0	3 0
Tottenham-court Road, end of Goodge-ſtreet	1 0	1 0	1 0	3 0
Tower Gate	2 6	2 0	2 0	4 6
Union-ſtreet end, Borough	2 6	2 0	2 0	5 0
Whitechapel-Bars	2 6	2 0	2 0	5 0

Vauxhall, Sadler's-Wells, Aſtley's, and the Circus.

	V.h.	S. W.	Aſtl.	Cir.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Alderſgate-ſtreet	3 0	1 0	2 0	1 6
St. Anne's church, Soho	2 6	2 0	1 6	1 6
Arundel ſtreet, Strand	2 6	1 6	1 6	1 6
Bedford-ſtreet, Covent garden	2 6	2 0	1 6	1 6
Biſhopſgate-ſtreet within	2 6	1 6	2 0	1 6
Blackmo[illegible]-ſtreet Road	1 6	2 6	1 0	1 0
Bl[illegible]-ſquare	3 0	1 6	1 6	2 0
Bond-ſtreet, Piccadilly	3 0	2 6	2 6	1 6
[illegible]	2 [illegible]	3 0	1 6	1 0
[illegible]	[illegible]	1 6	[illegible]	1 6
[illegible]	[illegible]	1 [illegible]	[illegible]	1 6
Chelſea college	3 6	4 6	3 0	2 6

Cornhill

	V.H.	S.W.	Aſſ.	Cir.
	s. d.	s. d	s. d.	s. d.
Cornhill, Freeman's-court	2 6	1 6	2 0	1 6
Fleet-ſtreet, Obelisk	2 6	1 0	1 6	1 6
Gracechurch ſtreet	3 0	1 6	2 0	1 6
Holborn, end of King-ſtreet	3 0	1 6	1 6	1 6
Hyde Park corner	4 6	3 0	2 0	2 6
St. James's palace	2 6	2 6	1 0	1 6
Iſlington	4 6	1 0	3 0	2 6
Leiceſter-ſquare	2 0	2 6	1 0	1 6
Mile End turnpike	4 0	2 6	3 0	3 0
Mansion's	3 0	2 0	2 6	2 0
Moorfields	3 6	1 0	2 0	1 6
Newgate	3 0	1 0	1 6	1 0
Oxford-ſtreet, end of Charles-ſtreet	3 0	2 0	1 6	2 0
Ditto, Pantheon	3 0	2 6	1 6	2 0
Ditto, Bond-ſtreet	3 0	2 0	2 0	2 6
Ditto, Orchard-ſtreet	3 6	3 0	2 6	3 0
Palace yard, and St. Margaret's church	2 6	3 0	1 0	1 0
St. Paul's church-yard	3 0	1 6	1 6	1 0
Haymarket, Piccadilly end	4 0	2 6	1 0	1 6
Ratcliffe-croſs	5 0	3 0	4 0	3 6
Shoreditch church	4 0	1 6	3 0	2 6
Smithfield	3 0	1 0	2 0	1 6
Strand, Catharine-ſtreet	2 6	2 0	1 0	1 6
Temple Bar	3 0	1 6	1 6	1 0
Tottenham-co. road, Goodge-ſtreet	3 6	2 0	2 0	2 0
Tower Gate	3 0	2 0	2 0	1 6
Borough, Union-ſtreet	1 6	2 0	1 6	1 0
Whitechapel Bars	3 6	2 0	2 6	2 0

One

One Shilling and Eighteen-penny Fares.

The Diſtance of the Shilling Fares not exceeding One Mile and a Quarter; the Eighteen penny Fares, Two Miles.

Palace-Yard, Weſtminſter. Weſtminſter Hall Gate to the firſt coach at St. Clement's, Strand, 1s. To Watling-ſtreet, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1s 6d. To the end of St James's ſtreet, Piccadilly, 1s. To oppoſite the Horſe Guards, at Knightſbridge, 1s 6d.

Whitehall. The centre of the Horſe Guards to Water-lane, Fleet-ſtreet, 1s. To Mercers Chapel, Cheapſide, 1s 6d. To the end of Engine ſtreet, Piccadilly, 1s. To the end of Bear-court Knightſbridge, 1s 6d.

Charing-Croſs. The Golden Croſs to Hamilton-ſtreet, Piccadilly, 1s. To Smith's Manufactory, Knightſbridge, 1s 6d. To the Old Bailey on Ludgate-hill, 1s. To Bank-ſtreet, Cornhill, 1s 6d.

Strand Catherine-ſtreet, Strand, to Bow Church-yard, Cheapſide, 1s. To Poor Jury ſtreet, Aldgate, 1s 6d.

Temple Bar. The Weſt Side to Derby-ſtreet, Parliament-ſtreet, 1s. To Grovenor-houſe, Millbank-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, 1s 6d. To Birchin-lane, Cornhill, 1s. To the Red Lion and Spread Eagle, Whitechapel, 1s 6d.

Bridge-ſtreet, Fleet-ſtreet. The firſt coach to Cree-church-lane, Leadenhall-ſtreet, 1s. To the New Road, Whitechapel Road, 1s 6d. To oppoſite Craig's Court, Charing-croſs, 1s. To the turning to Queen's-ſquare, Weſtminſter, 1s 6d.

St. Paul's. The firſt coach to Hungerford Market, Strand, 1s. To St. James's Palace Gate, 1s 6d. To oppoſite the Blue Boar, Whitechapel, 1s. To the ſign of the London Hoſpital, 1s 6d.

Cheapſide. Gutter-lane to Southampton-ſtreet, Holborn, 1s. To the end of Poland-ſtreet, Oxford-road, 1s 6d. To Church-lane, Whitechapel Road, 1s. To the end of Mutton-lane, Mile End Road, 1s 6d.

Cornhill. The centre of the Royal Exchange to Greyhound-lane, Whitechapel, 1s. To the Roſe and Crown, Mile End Road, 1s 6d. To oppoſite Palſgrave-head court,

court, Strand, 1s. To the end of St. Martin's-lane, 1s 6d. To oppoſite Gray's Inn Gate, Holborn, 1s. To the end of Denmark-ſtreet, St. Giles's, 1s 6d.

From the 1ſt of Auguſt, 1786, *Coachmen were intitled to the following Rates.*

	s.	d.
For the firſt mile and a quarter	1	0
For three quarters of a mile farther, making two miles	0	6
For every farther diſtance within half a mile beyond the firſt 2 miles	0	6
By Time. For any time not exceeding three quarters of an hour	1	0
Ditto, not exceeding an hour	1	6
Ditto, not exceeding 20 minutes from the end of the firſt hour	0	6
For a day's work, reckoning twelve hours to the day	14	0

RATES of WATERMEN.

	Oars.	*Sculls*
TO Greenwich or Deptford from St. Olave's	2 0	1 0
To Wapping dock from St. Olave's or Billingſgate	0 8	0 6
To Limehouſe from ditto	1 0	0 8
Over the Water below London-bridge	0 6	0 4
From London-bridge, Blackfriars, or Temple ſtairs, to Vauxhall	1 6	0 8
From Paul's Wharf to Lambeth	0 8	0 6
From Whitehall to Lambeth	0 8	0 6
To Chelſea or Wandſworth	2 0	1 0
Over the Water betw. Lond. & Weſtminſter-bridge	0 4	0 3
Weſtminſter-bridge to Vauxhall	0 8	0 6
From London-bridge to Weſtminſter	1 0	0 8
From London-bridge, or above, to Somerſet-Place, or oppoſite	0 6	0 4
From any Place between Blackfriars and Somerſet-Place to Weſtminſter-bridge	0 8	0 6

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